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EASTER
SONG



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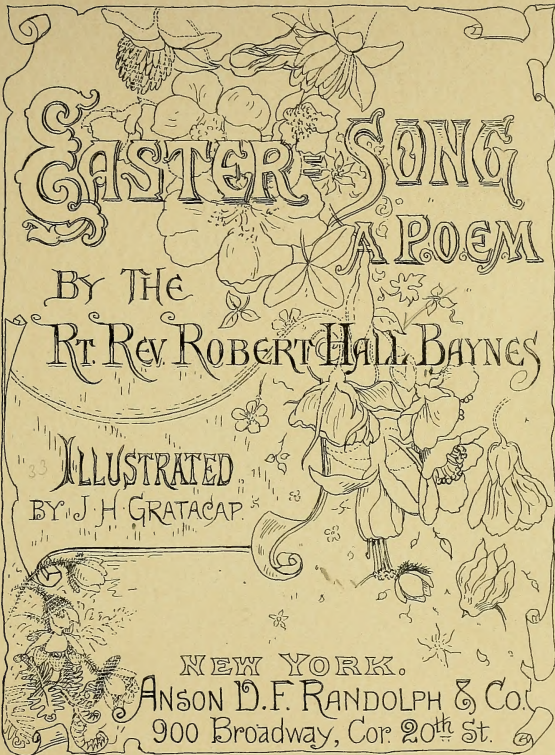
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







EASTER SONG

A POEM

BY THE
RT. REV. ROBERT HALL BAYNES

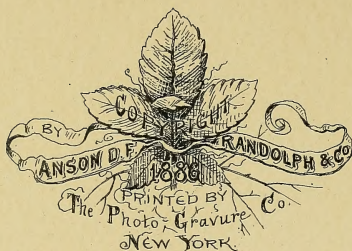
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BY J. H. GRATACAP.

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CHRIST +
OUR PASSOVER
IS SACRIFICED FOR US,
THEREFORE
LET US KEEP
THE FEAST.

AGRA TIA





As Spring's sweet breath after long wintry snow,
As land to voyager o'er pathless sea,
As daybreak after weary night of woe,
Is Easter joy to me!

All Lenten shadows over! and the light
Around us and within so sweet & strong,
Teach us, O risen Master, how aright
To sing our Easter song.

We stand today beside Thy open tomb,
We gaze on "linen clothes" with reverent heed,
And hear the angels whispering through the gloom,
"Not here — but risen, indeed!"

And all the story of Thy love divine
Throbs through our hearts, longing, O Christ, for Thee.
The bitter chalice, with the deadly wine,
Was drained to set us free.

The grave is dark no more! a stream of light
He, rising, left behind for all His own.
Death's chain is broken by His arm of might,
And rolled away the stone.

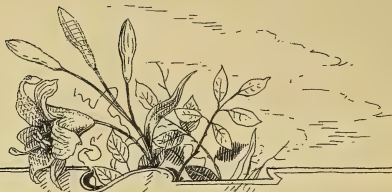
Now Easter-light flushes the morning sky,
Thy Form we see, all changed, & yet the same.
Master! we kneel before Thee; hear our cry,
And call us each by name.

When evening shadows lengthen all around,
And we to Emmaus take our weary way,
With us, O risen Saviour, still be found,
And turn our night to day.

And from Thy radiant throne of light above,
Oh, send us, till our desert wanderings cease,
Thine own best legacy of tender love,
Thy sweetest gift of peace!

Then, at the last, when all shall wake who sleep,
Made like to Thee, in raiment white and fair,
Oh, bid us welcome to Thy home, to keep
Our endless Easter there!





AS SPRING'S SWEET BREATH AFTER
LONG WINTRY SNOW,
AS LAND TO VOYAGER O'ER PATHLESS SEA,
AS DAYBREAK AFTER WEARY NIGHT OF WOE,
IS EASTER JOY TO ME.




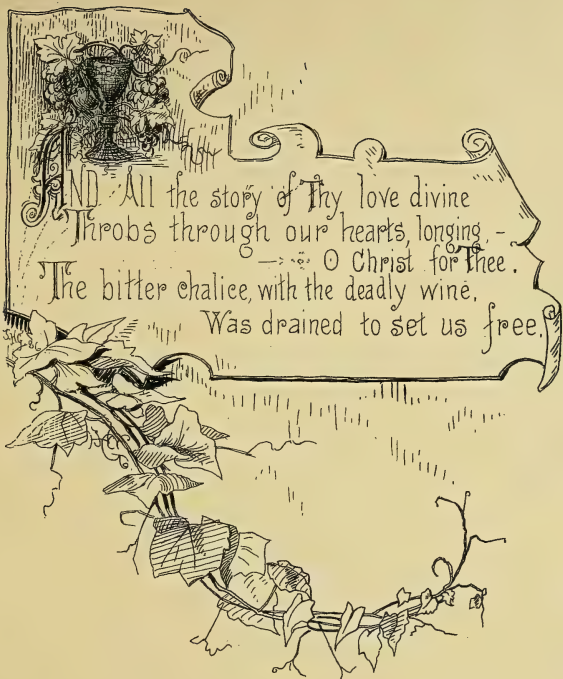




Alas! Lenten shadows over!
and the light
Around us and within so sweet -
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Teach us, O risen Master, how aright
To sing our Easter song.

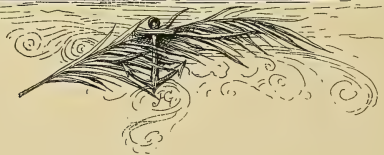
WE Stand today beside Thy open tomb,
WE gaze on "linen clothes" with reverent heed,
And hear the angels whispering through the gloom,
"Not here — BUT RISEN INDEED."



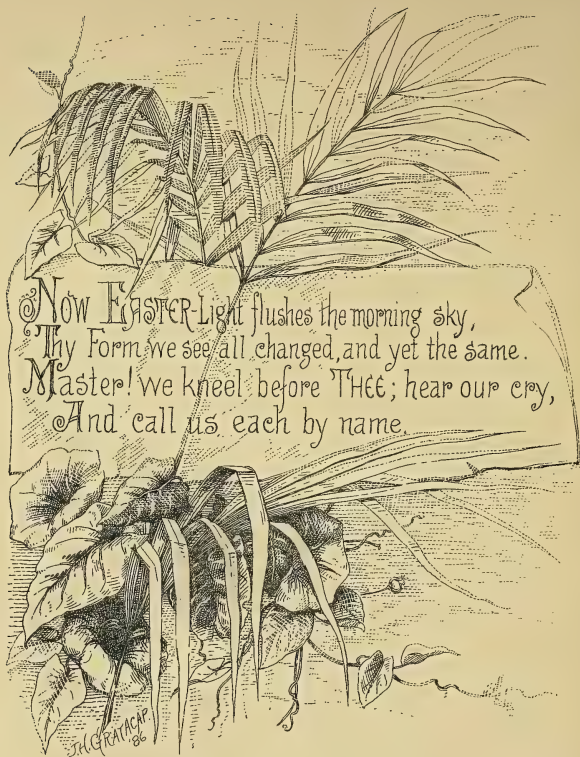




THE GRAVE IS DARK NO MORE!
A STREAM OF LIGHT
HE, RISING, LEFT BEHIND FOR ALL
DEATH'S CHAIN IS BROKEN HIS OWN,
BY HIS ARM OF MIGHT,
AND ROLLED AWAY THE STONE.







Now Easter-Light flushes the morning sky,
Thy Form we see all changed, and yet the same.
Master! we kneel before THEE; hear our cry,
And call us each by name.





WHEN EVENING SHADOWS
LENGTHEN ALL AROUND,
AND WE TO EMMAS TAKE OUR WEARY WAY,
WITH US, O RISEN SAVIOUR,
STILL BE FOUND,
AND TURN OUR NIGHT TO DAY







AND From Thy radiant throne of light above,
Oh, send us, till our desert wanderings cease,
Thine own best legacy of tender love,
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THEN, At the last, ~
When all shall wake who sleep,
Made like to Thee, in raiment white and fair,
Oh, bid us welcome to Thy home, to keep
OUR ENDLESS EASTER THERE!











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